

# THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

## BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

### Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen, pencil, or pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you say—Be that!"

"Straightforwardly act."

"Be honest—in all you do."

"Be nobody else but you."

### POETRY.

"Wishin'."

Sometimes I've wish't that I wa'n't

Nothin' but a little worrumbur,

"Th' nothin' nuthin' to do

But sittin' round in a puddle,

"Wh'at I'm doin' on a nily-pad,

"N' straddle out my legs,

"N' seat joggle on a nily-pad,

"N' want old mossy pool,

"Thout no relashuns near nor fur,

"To stoop 'n' listen every time you

"N' hang round where they wa'n't

"N' find fault,

"N' keep a-sayin' you shouldn't do this,

"N' shouldn't do that,

"N' sew,

"N' make folks here you;

"N' rather be a dunce,

"N' not no enny one to earn my salt,

"N' make a livin',

"N' sit-sit-e-e, that's true!

"N' rather be a dunce,

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bright and varied colors and be falling to the earth to blanket it and keep the roots in the ground protected from frost.

The clouds in the sky serve as a blanket to keep the frost from September gardens, and high winds prevent its biting the plants and turning their foliage black.

Colored leaves are ripened leaves and the leaves fall because their busy season has closed. The leaves fall because the tree does not need them any more and the young leaves are in place ready to begin work when the sun calls them. The leaves are the servants of the trees and they could not live without them; and the trees this year have been making the leaves for next year, and the leaves of this year have been helping them; and when their work has been completed the leaves are pushed from their places like young birds from their nest.

And the trees not only give us shade but take out of the air the poison animals (ourselves included) put into it, and put into the air the oxygen which makes the air life-sustaining to us, and to all creatures who must have oxygenized air to live. So you see the trees not only give us fruit and wood, but they give us life from day to day. All green things, even the grass, assist in this.

Green is the color which is most soothing to the eyes and there is such a variety of greens in the landscape that viewed from a tower or a hill they by contrast lend beauty to the view and charm the beholder.

Then the leaves are all made to fit the use for which they were designed. Everything which grows close like grass and wheat (by the way, wheat is a variety of grass), has narrow leaves, and the plants designed to occupy greater space grow larger leaves like the burdock of the fields or the rhubarb of the gardens. There are few mints in nature, but lots of plants perish because they are misplaced.

When the leaves fall not only collect them for their pretty colors, but also for their wonderful shapes, and see how many different kinds you can find. It will take ten thousand grass leaves to occupy the space of a rhubarb leaf, and a lilac leaf has 150,000 breathing pores or mouths, so that it can take from the air what the tree needs and put into the air what other creatures need. Here we find a Divine law illustrating reciprocity—the helping of one another.

And there are hundreds of other things to be learned about leaves all of which are wonderful in structure and of marvelous strength, and from them man has learned many a lesson in structure and art adapted to his own use.

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### LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Miriam Sherevsky, of Norwich: I was glad to receive the prize book which you gave me entitled, "Motor Males in Japan." I am sure I shall enjoy reading it as I have the others.

Mildred T. Dunn of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled "The Submarine Boys and the Spies." I have read it through and found it very interesting. I hope the other Wide Awakes will like their books as well as I like mine.

Rose Gauthier of Brooklyn: Please accept my thanks for the prize book which you sent me, of the "Wide Awake." It will help me to find what is the name of the flowers that grow in the woods and fields.

Mildred E. White of Stafford Springs: I thought as I was writing another story I would send the thanks for the prize book you sent me. I like it very much and many thanks.

Frances E. Adams of Eagleville: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled "The Submarine Boys and the Spies." I have read it through and found it very interesting. I hope the other Wide Awakes will like their books as well as I like mine.

Thelma Whitehouse, of Mansfield Center:—I thank you very much for the book you sent me sometime ago. It was very interesting. I was surprised to see that I won a prize book.

Grace Goddard, of Willimantic:—I thank you for the prize book you sent me. I think I shall find it interesting.

Pauline A. Hasler of Taftville: I received the prize book you sent me entitled "The Submarine Boys and the Spies," and thank you for it.

Catherine A. Dunn of Norwich: I thank you for the prize book you sent me, "Through the Looking Glass."

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1—Herbert H. Hoisy, of Versailles—Helen K. K.

2—Rose Slobosberg, of Norwich—Boy Inventors of the Vanishing Gun.

3—Mary E. Murphy, of Norwich—Boy Inventors of the Electric Hydroplane.

4—Katherine Hickey, of Montville—Mrs. Pomer's Little Girl.

5—Rose Gauthier, of Brooklyn—A Little Florida Lady.

6—Annie Corcoran, of Lowell, Mass.—Camp Fire Girls in the Maine Woods.

7—Mary E. Murphy, of Taftville—Motor Males of Fair Japan.

8—Josephine Broovick of Norwich—The Motor Males of Fair Japan.

The winners of prize books living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them on any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE AWAKES.

How a Crow Committed Robbery

There was once a poor girl living in a poor cottage. She supported her mother and two brothers. One day she went hawking and what she got she sold for a few pennies.

One day she went to the market for five quarts of berries and two every day.

Once she got an invitation to the rich lady's house to spend an hour or two with her daughter, and once she was shown some jewelry which belonged to her mother.

That night when she got home a servant came after her, accusing her of stealing a gold ring, and she was locked in jail and was five years in prison.